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The Linden Bark, April 9, 1929

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LINDEN BARK

Vol. 5.—No. 21

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, April 9, 1929.

Price 5c

LINDENWOOD FASHIONS

A significant fashion note: it will be observed that Lindenwood's May Queen and all the members of the Royal Party this year are wearing their hair long. This may merely indicate that girls of the queenly type recognize that long tresses emphasize stateliness and are most becoming to them, or it may indicate that the all-powerful bob is really being deserted by those in the first ranks of beauty and fashion. It is to be hoped that the former is the case, and that girls are learning to dress individually and in the way most becoming to their own type.

The new "Whoopee" hats have taken the campus by storm and before long even the faculty will probably be tempted to buy one for each of their favorite frocks. They are more in prominence in their color than their shape for each wearer exhibits her individualism in the creases and folds which lend the style to the hat. The colors of red, blue, orange, black, green, tan, gray and purple are seen hither and thither as if it were a badge of the "400".

The wearers at first might have had an exclusive motive in view but the popularity of such comfortable and pleasing headgear has done away with the exclusiveness. Anyway the six original wearers are accredited with having ability to select a style in spring hats.

The values of these hats vary: one wearer says, "without my 'Whoopee' hat my locks would blow asunder under the unrestrained March winds," another says, "My 'Whoopee' hat lends everything but dignity to me, and that I get from being from Arkansas," another wearer is reported to have said, "I must be different so I'll get me a 'Whoopee' hat."

Miss Lindenwood, who is a

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DR. ROEMER DELIVERS LAST LENTEN SERMON

*Jesus Says Serving is a Requisite
of Greatness*

Palm Sunday was commemorated at Lindenwood with the last of the Lenten services which the Y. W. held on Sunday morning, March 24, at 11:30, in the auditorium. Easter lilies, palms and lighted candles—the three essentials for the perfect Easter setting—were used as decoration.

Iris Fleischaker and Allison Platt sang a sacred selection.

Dr. Roemer who preached a short sermon, chose the topic, "Why Christ Came," and took his text from Matthew 20:17. "Greater opportunities come when we least expect them. The way we think leads us into the way we live" were two of the precepts stressed by Dr. Roemer.

One of the dominant questions which Jesus explained in this gospel chapter is *Why He Came into the world*. He came that the steps to the throne might be made known. The woman in the story was ambitious for her sons to have a high place in Heaven. Jesus approves of ambition. If we look only at the plains we will never aspire to the hills. If we can't get people to look up, we can never hope for them to advance in life.

One of the questions Jesus asked a seeker was "Are ye Able?" The man is wanted who says he can do a thing, but he must have preparation behind this statement. And the last way or step to the throne is Servantry. In the kingdom of God there shall be service. Jesus said He came not to be ministered unto but to serve. Service is a requisite of greatness.

HONOR TO MISS LINNEMAN

At the last meeting of the board of directors of the Artists' Guild

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SOPHOMORE PROM TO BE LONG REMEMBERED

172 Present at Undergrad Dance

The Sophomore dinner dance on Friday night, March 22, was one of the most important events in the Lindenwood social calendar. A formal dinner was served in the dining room at 6:30. The north wing was decorated in futuristic design and the center table contained a large vase of spring flowers in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dean Gipson and Miss Hankins. On each table was a smaller center piece of flowers and nut cups of futuristic points. The dance program at each plate were very unique. About 172 Sophomores and guests attended.

The menu consisted of chicken patties, French-fried potatoes, hot rolls, cherry preserves, peas, radishes, celery, olives, tomato salad, fresh strawberry sundae, Lady Baltimore cake, salted nuts and coffee.

The receiving line was composed of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dean Gipson, and the class sponsor, Miss Hankins.

Then "two by two they came strolling through"—the Sophomores on Parade, into the gym which had been converted into a modernistic setting with black and red designs. The dance programs which dangled from so many feminine arms were handpainted in the colorful cubes and squares.

Specialty Entertainment Acts were given by members of the other classes. There were three dance numbers by the Collegians and Cloggers of *Brass Buttons* fame, and Clara Bowles in a sport outfit of black and red sang "Weary River" and "I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me".

Black leather cigarette cases, bearing the Lindenwood crest were presented to the men at the end of the grand march. As the couples

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LINDEN BARK

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Published every Tuesday of the school year. Subscription rate, \$1.00 per year, 5 cents per copy.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Ruth Bullion, '29

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Verna Anderson, '31
Lillie Bloomenstiel, '29
Brooks Ann Cole, '31
Hilda Culver, '31
Frances Doak, '31
Cora Glasgow, '31
Joan Lytle, '31
Mildred Milam, '30
Norma Paul Ruedl, '30
Lucie May Sharon, '29

ASSOCIATE:

Helen Hook, '29

TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1929.

The Linden Bark:

"When proud-pied April's dress in all his trim
Hath put a spirit of youth in every-thing."

—Shakespeare.

NEW THINGS NEXT YEAR

Two weeks ago a certain enterprising Bark reporter interviewed the Dean about the new catalog and view book. The results of this review will appear in the Bulletin for April, but for the benefit of those who read only the Bark, it is well to point out some of the salient features of Lindenwood's spring publications.

Rob'n's egg blue has replaced the yellow and white cover, of last year. The general arrangements of subject matter is much the same, but the article on "Aims and Purposes" by Dean Gipson is one of the most interesting and important of the "write-ups."

The Physical Education Department has introduced some clever ideas—gray tank suits to be bought at the P. O., and red bathing caps, so the beginning swimmers may be distinguished from the rest.

Many fascinating new courses are offered in the College of Arts and Sciences, Morphology, Pliny and Tacitus for Latin majors, and a special Adolescent course in psychology—not for the freshmen.

The new state requirements for certificates are given in full under

the School of Vocations head.

The catalog mentions the fact that the New Library building will "probably be ready for occupancy" at the beginning of next year, but at the rate the construction company is working it seems more possible than probable to the on-looker.

JOURNALISM CLASS

HEARS MRS. SMITH

Mrs. L. G. Smith of St. Louis presented a comprehensive view of a woman's work in Journalism to the Journalism class Thursday, March 21, at 10:00 o'clock. Her own wide experience as a lawyer, writer and editor of the women's page of the St. Louis Times, enabled her to tell the class many things bearing on their future work. The work of a journalist divides itself into three parts: preparation, the work itself, and what it leads to.

Contrary to the opinion of many, she said while a course in journalism helps, a prolonged course is unnecessary, and real experience much more desirable. However, a study of the sciences that keep alive one's interest in life and nature, and a study of English composition are highly beneficial to the student of Journalism.

In respect to the work itself, the Women's Page is perhaps the most likely and the most desirable. This page is made up of material that is local or national. Soon after beginning work on a paper, a woman may be given charge of the "Love Column". This, Mrs. Smith said, was not to be scoffed at for many people take it seriously and write to the editor of this column for real advice. It is interesting to note that the questions on love follow the cycle of the seasons. In the spring it is "How can I meet nice boys?", in the summer "How can I tell I love him?", in the fall "How can I be sure he loves me?", in November, "How can I win him back?"

Perhaps one of the best things, about work on a newspaper, is the advantage it provides for an opening in the magazine world. It is here that very substantial salaries are earned, she said, and talent and originality have opportunity for expression. But to attain that position there is no better place to begin than the newspaper.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

April 9, 4:45—

Sophomore Music Diploma Recital, Miss Virginia Ann Shrimpton, Miss Pauline Brown.

April 10, 7 P. M.—

Oratory Graduation Recital, Miss Lucille Kelly, Miss Mary Louise Bowles, assistant.

April 11, 11 A. M.—

Advanced Music Recital

April 11, 6:30 P. M.—

Beta Pi Theta Banquet at Hotel St. Charles.

April 12, 8 P. M.—

All School Play, "Mrs. Partidge Presents."

April 14, 6:30 P. M.—

Dr. Frank S. Arnold of Kansas City.

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of St. Louis, Miss Alice Linneman head of the art department, was elected a member of the Guild. The honor of belonging to this organization is increased by the fact that in order to belong, the person's name must be proposed by a member of the Guild and approved by a unanimous vote of the board. In no way can anyone apply for membership.

The guild owns an attractive club house on Union boulevard in St. Louis, where all the meetings are held.

KAPPA PI MEMBERS GIVE

CURRENT TOPICS IN ART

The March meeting of Kappa Pi held recently in the art studio of Roemer Hall proved an invaluable source of information to the members present. Each girl responded to the roll call with a topic of current interest on art. Mildred Brown spoke on *German Art of the Present Day*, Juandell Shook on *Thieves Break Stained Glass Windows in Tours Cathedral*, Artha Blcebaum on *Amateur Art Show at the Women's National Exposition*, Margaret Skogland on *Minimum Wage for Artists*, Viola Wolf on *Roman Relics in Paris*, Lillian Rasmussen on *Recently Discovered Portrait of Lincoln*, Dot Schleicher on *The Singing Tower*. Following the roll call Margaret Skogland read a paper on *Modern Art*.

"PUFFY"*By Ruth McClelland*

"Brown, take that wad of gum out of your mouth. I've told you three times that gum chewing is not allowed in my study-hall."

Mr. Ridgeway, or "Puffy" as the students called him in private, ambled down the aisle, a confident smile upon his face. He was a schoolmaster now, and although only twenty-three, intended to assert his authority. As he looked around, another scene came to his mind, the same old study hall with cracked green plastering, creaky, double seats, and slickly oiled floor; an enlarged picture of George Washington and one of Abraham Lincoln on either side of the entrance doors; in one corner a dusty, finger-marked grand piano, an old-fashioned affair with four legs decorated with clusters of hand-carved grapes; a square table for the teacher, engraved with many initials, and standing in the exact spot it did now. A chubby boy having yellowish hair, and a red face, occupied one front seat where he labored several periods each day, never having time to laugh at funny things or cause the teacher trouble; indeed, he intended to be a great man some day and that meant hard work. The study hall wasn't much changed today, except that he was the teacher instead of a great man, and a new group of students giggled behind open books. Well, they wouldn't have time to play in his study hall on account of Latin and Chemistry; when he went to school there was not any time to loose.

"Say, he must be dreaming about Alice," someone snickered, and a ripple of laughter spread over the room.

"Terril! you will report at the office at once and be quiet about it."

More laughter, a scraping of feet, a few thuds, and Terril was on his way.

Ding-a-ling, the five minute bell. The students slammed books, dropped a few pencils and then laughed out loud, for "Puffy" had been hit by a can bubbler shot by some avenging boy. The last bell rang and "Puffy", unable to stop the moving throng, looked on in silent fury.

DOWN THE CHARGES*By Betty Jack*

Aglide down the chagres. Cayucas slim,
Thin shells of mighty monarchs driven on
By tall, sleek, natives with great supple arms
Whose rhythmic efforts echo through the dense
And dismal swamps. Unceasing breath
Of tropic life, the wind caresses leaves
And flow'rs of purple, red and gold. A move
Above and rippling foliage parts; a slim
Lithe body drops without a splash and worms
Away down stream. Dead logs so still
Along the bank become alive and now
Whole shores aslide become a steady march
Of reptiles, brute and brown into the stream.

SOPHIA'S ANGEL*By Mary Louise Mardley*

Sophia Pepper was a good honest woman who had a maximum of common sense and a minimum of imagination; also she was not in the least superstitious. Consequently, although a black cat had crossed her path just that night, and she had walked under a ladder a few days ago, she had no premonition of evil. Coming home from prayer-meeting, she left her friends at the corner and walked alone down the dark alley which communicated with the back door of her house. She was not afraid; she feared neither man or devil. In fact, if anything supernatural or human had jumped at her from the dense shadows, she would probably have vanquished it utterly. No one could trifle with Sophia Pepper.

Once at home, she went about the routine duties of locking the doors and winding the clock. Then she went steadily up the creaking stairs to her bedroom. Some moments later she switched off the lights and, moving confidently among the familiar pieces of furniture, crossed the room to the window. There she stood still as if petrified by the

THE ESTES HOUSE*By Harriet Hilpert*

In its day, the Estes House had served as a hotel, and later as a Civil War hospital. Last summer I was one of four who chose unwisely to explore it on a dreadfully dismal afternoon. I hope never again to have a more horrifying adventure.

The whole interior was a jungle of windowless corridors and endless high-ceilinged rooms which overcame us with their vast loneliness. From floor to floor we went by way of helicoid stairs, the width of the steps a scant four inches on the inner side. Somehow we stumbled up them in the darkness. I had the feeling that every step would be the last, that I would miss one and go hurtling into space. The falling sensation in dreams was mild compared to this.

The foul air was humid, and reeked with the accumulated stench of decades. (All of us were ill afterwards from its nauseating effects). The outer rooms were lighter than those on the court and offered us a chance of closer examination. I remember one room in particular. The floor was littered with trash. A dirty fireplace stood out from a background of hideous, dark blue wall paper. I shuddered and realized the powerful effect of color on the mind. Red might be maddening, but this blue would surely drive all hope from a wounded soldier.

We went on to other rooms. Many were vacant. Here and there stood a bare cot, and once we came upon a long, wooden table. Its surface was covered with black splotches which might have once been blood. The operating table?

On the wall of one room hung a dusty crucifix. The Christ left alone in these surroundings! I closed my eyes and felt around me the hot bloody bodies of soldiers pushing toward Him. I saw their penitent eyes, their arms outstretched in supplication. It was terrifying.

At last we reached the roof. Gladly we crept out into the rain away from an unbearable silence that brought back the past so vividly. My mind was in chaos. It was as though I had passed through a long period of intense suffering.

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SONNET TO A NEW-
FOUND FRIEND

By Elizabeth Larabee

To think I might have passed your
friendship by,
Without a sense of all that under-
lay
Your careless manner! For your
eyes defy
The searcher, and your lips some
taunt may say,
Concealing by your mask of non-
chalance,
Your eager wish to live life at its
best,
To taste its dealings without re-
monstrance
And hide your feelings so they're
never guessed.
With you I share the latest books
and verse,
Together we eat toast, drink coffee
black,
Or watch the twilight wind the
clouds disperse,
Blowing our thoughts along the
sunset track.
Beauty, laughter, careless days,
have made
Us faithful friends in life—yet un-
afraid.

UNWANTED

By Ruth Correa

The woman leaned in a half-
slouched, half-fallen heap against
the weather-worn front of a build-
ing—a girl-woman in a condi-
tion repulsively athletic. The face
—an expression awful in its blank-
ness; the body—a framework, her
hair of no certain hue, hanging
in wild wisps about her gaunt face,
fell almost to her shoulders. Her
eyes—only glassy, staring, sunken
things. Too red color daubed up-
on too prominent cheek bones at-
tempted to conceal the hollow of
her cheeks. Her half-opened mouth,
twisted as if to give an unuttered
groan, only added color to the
otherwise streaked ghastliness of
her face. Her clothes hung upon
her as from a hanger. A flimsy
coat covered one shoulder, but slip-
ped unheeded off the other. A gay
little dress, startling in its smart-
ness, frankly mocked its wearer.
One bony veined hand clutched at
a bit of a hat; the other clutched at
the wall for support. Her stock-
ings—silk stockings—wrinkled
about her ankles. Her shoes—once
pretty shoes—showed wear, and
mud, and stain.

AT CHURCH

By Dorothy Emmert

I had become tired of being called
"the heathen"—one does get
tired of nicknames, you know—
and so, when my roommate asked
me in a smooth, silky voice, last
Sunday, if "the heathen was going
to break her record this morning",
I decided it was time something
was done. I would go to church.

And that is why, at eleven
o'clock, I was tip-toeing down the
ragged brown-carpeted, middle aisle
of the Presbyterian Church. I seated
myself in one of the plain, wal-
nut straight-backed pews, and
glanced about. At first, a sea of
brilliantly colored hats rose and fell
in waves all around me, each wave
trying to outdo its neighbor. Light
colored kid gloves were removed
conspicuously, revealing large, art-
fully cut diamonds. Coats were
thrown back languidly. A steady
"whisper, whisper" started, and
grew. Oh, the sham of it all.

But suddenly I felt a change. The
organ had commenced to sound out
richly muffled tones; the congrega-
tion lowered its plumage as if some
sense of a holy power had fallen
on it; all other sounds faded away
into nothingness. Sunlight stole
softly through the beautiful, decor-
ated windows, and touched the
place with a quiet, reverent hand.
White faces became rose-tinted;
hard faces were softened; calcula-
ting faces grew dreamy; hunted
faces took on a sense of safety; dull
faces brightened. Here was ease
from pain; here was a refuge.

Slowly, the white-robed choir
stood up. A melody rose, spread,
then fell. Silence.

The spell was broken only when
the minister rose to announce sol-
emnly in his Sunday voice, the
taking up of the collection. Again
there was a quick flurrying move-
ment. Diamonds flashed. Beaded
bags were brought into view. Ed-
dying and whirling, the undercur-
rent of sound carried in it the hard
smoothness of artificiality.

But I could not help thinking
of that one moment of stillness,
when the organ played. Was it all
as much sham and show as I had
thought it, or was there underneath
the color and superfluity, a true
sense of reverence?

ITALY'S SON

(With apologies to T. A. Daly)

By Katherine Seymour

Wan theeng I no can understn',
Eet ees why da American
He seem to theenk Eyetalian
Ees,—you know—low.
Ees eet cause he have fruita stan'?
Mebbe you know?

Cause he sell fruit out in da street,
Where dere ees mucha noise an heat,
To try and mak da both ends meet
Mooch as he can,
Dey call heem, an' I theenk dey
cheat,
A dago man!

Why, he stan' dere an in hees eyes
He see da blue Eyetalian skies,
Sometime hees soul eet swell an'
cries,

To go back dere.
Where dere ees not da dirt and fies
An' smoky air.

Hees heart, eet almost skip a beat
W'en Spreeng ees come an' smal so
sweet,

An' sometime down aroun' hees feet
Da ices grow.

You teenk he feela none of eet?
Why, you don' know!

FIRST AND LAST LOOKS

By Agnes McCarthy

A department store is very stimu-
lating. As I open the door, the
jewels catch my eye. Their dazzle
and attraction magnetize my steps
towards them. I call them jewels
because that is what the card and
the check say. A one-dollar brooch
was not called 'jewelry' five years
ago. But I, too, must change with
the fashions. How well I can re-
member saying "Where's that there
trinket?" Now I must say,—
"Where is my Lido blue jewel?"
Yes, the jewelry is undoubtedly
fascinating. The crystals send up
a phosphorescent glow. And sure-
ly a crown jewel never possessed
a more elaborate setting than this
black onyx laid in cool silver.
Black onyx and silver—quite a
pleasing contrast. If I were senti-
mental, I would be reminded of
branches forming an intricate de-
sign over the moon. But the ex-
pression somehow doesn't fit. Senti-
mentality and freckles have never
gone hand in hand.

The soda fountain is more along

my line. The clink of glassware striking marble sounds the knell of my swiftly rising hunger. Somehow I can track that sound down with surprising ingenuity. The magnetism of a sandwich is far greater than that of a necklace. In my mind's eye, the form and shine of a ruby is changed with alacrity into that of a cherry. And the cherries repose in a setting that does them justice. The shine of the nickel and the brightness of the fixtures give the food a tawny tang.

The fountain finds a perpetual blend of pomp and poverty. Interwoven into the bright scene are sordid splotches of ugliness and despairing misery. The poor sit next to the rich, but the contrast is not as striking in the clothes as in the expressions. The rich woman looks about cautiously to see if any of her friends might be around to witness her act. She would be ashamed to be seen sitting at a counter. The poor woman also looks about her before choosing a chair, but for an entirely different reason. She would be quite happy if the woman next door could hear her order a pie a la mode.

And I sit on and eat and eat and pretend that the tap-tap of the foot belonging to the woman waiting behind my stool, does not bother my digestion a particle. There should be a law against foot-tappers. They never fail to deter my chewing.

THE DISAGREEABLE OPTIMIST

By Roberta Barnard

There are at least two types of optimists—the agreeable and the disagreeable. And there are two times for optimism, the opportune and the inopportune. All praises be to the sincere "blue doctor" who knows when to administer her medicine, but dire destruction fall upon the would-be benefactress who prescribes sweetened water of stupidity instead of a dose of good sense pills!

Optimism frequently approaches stupidity. You have doubtless seen many mothers and relatives at the time of an accident to the younger member of the family spend several moments assuring each other that the child is not injured, when the time might be better used for investigation. You have all been

tortured by the company of the optimist who talks glibly of "worse things than this", when the tire is flat, the tools are left at home, and a storm is approaching.

The quiet, unruffled girl with the perpetual grin irritates beyond measure when she asserts, after you have worked two hours on a theme outline, that the writing of the theme will be much easier. Where is the good sense of a person who spends his time boasting that the game will be won, when he should be in training? Some people in the face of obvious perplexity are so busy being sure of a happy outcome that they forget there is anything to do but be blissfully content in fooling themselves.

Optimists may be the most unsympathetic, disagreeable, uncompanionable people on earth. Spirits like waves, must rise and fall. We cannot always be glad, and thus it is that we must find a spare moment to enjoy being uncomfortable. Some time in your life you have felt the need of abandoning the role of Pollyanna and of appreciating being miserable by nursing your pet grievances. Then, just at this rare moment, in blusters the little joy-giver, hope personified, the envy of L'Allegre, and with much gusto slaps you on the shoulder, assuring you (just when you do not want to be assured) that this world is the best little old place available in which to live.

He is indeed a disagreeable optimist who takes everything as it comes—bad luck, opposition, health, wealth—or balloon tires, smiling stupidly under them all.

A DEAD DREAM

By Marion Pope

Wrapped in a cloth of gold,
And locked within my heart,
The dream lay, dead and cold,
Killed by too much reasoning.

The cloth which held that dream
Remained a color rich and gay,
But the fancy, whose lovely
theme

Had been my life, was dead!

Dead and grown dry and bitter,
No essence of its old loveliness!
Fragments from my lifes' dull
litter,

A broken dream—forgotten—
forgotten?

POEM

By Elizabeth Carstarphen

My love and I once stood above
the world
Upon a wind-swept cliff—no soul
was near;
No sound but that which moaned
among the leaves
And through the withered wood.
The sun was dead
And hill and sky assumed the
mystery
Of death. Beneath, in brooding
silence crept
The stream, and prescience lay upon
the land
Of drab and brown, on field and
fallow place
Far out. All life and light and joy
were gone—
And we alone remained.

OUR BLOTTER

By Elizabeth Colling

Frayed edges, almost like pale
pink ruffles; corners torn hastily off
for the lack of available small blot-
ters; rose color mellowed by the
soft radiance of the big yellow
lamp with its various gaily color-
ed flowers—this, our blotter.

It sits complacently on our table
as though it well knows that we
will not hrow its homely cherriness
into the gloomy waste-can. It
boasts of pictures; it flaunts the
successes of some crude artist's pen.
Corkscrew curls; impossibly crossed
eyes with one twice as large as its
companion; nose tilted upward or
downward according to the whim
of a careless hand—they laugh at
all serious-mindedness with grin-
ning toothless mouths.

On the dirty surface almost made
bald in spots by constant wear are
names; names casually or boldly
scrawled by any stray visitor who
may stroll into our room. A great
splotch of red ink carelessly spilled
by an awkward hand covers the
center of the blotter and has seeped
through until it has almost de-
stroyed the masterpiece of art near
by.

Magazines, carefully placed so
as to seem carelessly dropped, cover
one side of the blotter where a jag-
ged hole leaves an expanse of paint-
ed brown wood, gloating at being
exposed. But the magazines!
We even jeopardize our reputa-

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sight before her.

What she saw was a most unnatural thing, but undoubtedly a reality and not merely a hallucination. On the far side of the street, directly opposite her house and floating in mid-air, was an angel. It was dressed in gleaming white robes, according to the angelic custom, and hovered on outspread wings: there was a harp in its hand and a halo around its head. The moon, glimmering through the trees, brightened the marble-like figure of the apparition and burnished it to a mystic, silvery sheen. The celestial visitor was poised for flight, in an almost upright position, ready to soar to the high heaven.

Sophia Pepper stared at the radiant vision until her eyes ached. Although it seemed on the point of flitting away, it did not move. Her curiosity was aroused but not to the extent of scientific investigation into the cause and effect of an angel's appearance in this mortal sphere. She retired to bed, but her sleep was troubled by dreams of a figure in white.

The next morning the supernal being was gone, and Sophia was vaguely perturbed. She had always lived in a world of practical reality in which there was no room for ghosts and spirits, and now she was searching for a legitimate explanation of this unearthly invader.

She resolved to mention the matter to her neighbor, Mrs. Brown, and accordingly confided her secret in her daily over-the-fence conversation. But Mrs. Brown only laughed so long and heartily that Sophia felt rather indignant and departed without hearing her neighbor's opinion.

At noon while she was shopping at the corner grocery, she spoke of the divine visitation to the jovial old store-keeper and was met with the same ridicule.

"Well, now," he drawled seriously, "that thing might have been the ghost of your late lamented husband, but I happen to know—".

She did not wait to hear what he knew; she was very angry and humiliated at being treated so lightly. No one could laugh at Sophia Pepper with impunity.

Sophia Pepper was rapidly losing her staid, stolid attitude toward life. After the mysterious appearance of

the heavenly spirit she kept finding something unusual in the most commonplace situations. Every familiar corner in her house held an unfamiliar menace, and every creaking step sounded louder and more disconcerting than before. Each day she stared for long intervals at the spot where the beatific creature had appeared, and each night she found herself waking with a startled feeling of white robes brushing her face and white wings whirling in her ears.

She was obsessed with the idea of a divine visitation, but she spoke of it to no one for fear of being ridiculed. However, on Sunday, after the morning service, she determined to talk to the minister, who would, she thought, take her seriously. In a private interview she told him everything and awaited his answer as if he had been an oracle.

"When did this occur?" he asked.

"On Wednesday night after prayer-meeting."

At the sudden smile on his face she was ready to flee again but was detained by sheer desperation to know the truth. At the pastor's request she walked with him to the little cemetery behind the church and halted in front of a tombstone recently erected. It was the figure of an angel robed in white with wings outspread.

"Is this your angelic caller? This stone was being sent to the church on Wednesday when the truck broke down opposite your house. Since it was too late to do much about it, your neighbor across the street offered to let it stand in her yard all night while the truck was towed away to be repaired."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Sophia Pepper with a deep sigh of relief. "I never did put much faith in spirits and such things."

SIBLEY

By Mildred Milam

A red brick building with white pillars round,

Like some reminder of a distant past,

Its steps were never made for those Gay girls who now come dancing out,

But for the slim, sedate Crinoline maid of the long ago.

Read the Linden Bark.

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tions by choosing magazines for their colors rather than their names. Colors—slumbering reds, brilliant yellows, burning oranges, queer toned greens, sallow blues—we use them all, for they are integral to our worn-out, beloved blotter.

AT NIGHT

By Helen C. Petty

I was awakened by a sudden cessation of sound; asleep at one moment and the next starkly awake with every sense alert to breathe in the dusky magic of the night. The cabins huddling along a curving edge of the shore were wan little ghosts, held motionless, spellbound by the beauty spread before them; the stars piercing the clear, blue darkness like so many candle flames grown cold in their remoteness cast thin, scintillating paths of creeping gold on the murky, shivering surface of the lake; the shapeless bulk of the island crouched, gnomelike, in the midst of the bronze-shot inky mass. The wailing "wait-for-me-e" that quavered through the silence, carrying in its haunting hopelessness the note of dying time, announced the presence of a wide-eyed, little feather-coated sage somewhere in that dark thick fringe of pines whose furry, irregular denseness was relieved by the silvered wands of the birches.

The nearby, soundless slushing of the waves on the sand, blending softly with the hushed swishing of the leaves overhead was broken by the padding feet of a prowling dog, gone back to his wolf ancestry, who had trotted down through the underbrush to lap up some of the cool blackness of the lake. A faint breath of wind brushed across the water, leaving in its wake little bronze-tipped ripples. My eyes grew heavy with trying to catch all of that quiet beauty; and the whispered drone of the night lulled me back to sleep.

TREASURE

By Elizabeth Austin

Life is like a bit of priceless glass. Some would crush it—or shatter it Upon the cold sidewalk of sharp reality.

But I would keep it and treasure it, And gaze long on it.

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stickler for style, chooses for her better wear snug fitting bonnets of bright felts, straw, and silk. These all are cut in the smartest and most becoming styles, and tend to give that "Sophisticated look" to their wearer.

Has everyone noticed the loud stockings which shout daily for attention? If not, there must be some sort of color defect with the eyesight, for the colors which are forming the leg covering these days are quite noticeable.

For instance, Jakie Hempleman wears a pair of yellow stockings which would make a self respecting canary wonder if he were dreaming. And then, if Uncle Josh, the champion checker player of Little Springs, Kansas, were to suddenly notice Ruth Bullion's emphatically black and white checked hose, he would, it is feared, reach for his checkers. Flippie Maxwell wears a pair of ankle socks of red and even sometimes black. We are glad that this is not the land of toreadors and bull-fighters, for it would be hard on the bulls if they were confronted with those red socks.

And then, more than that, besides being artistic in its colors and patterns, Lindenwood has gone aqua-marine. For example, the new Fish Net hose which many of the girls are wearing, would make many a poor fish fight shy. There is another type of hose popular, too—those which are dotted with minute holes—two kinds of holes, in fact.

In the spring a young person's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, but not to that only. The young woman's fancy veers toward the loudest hose she can find. Witness the Lindenwood campus.

BETA PI THETA RANKS HIGH

Beta Pi Theta, Lindenwood's National Honorary French Fraternity was organized in 1926-27. Prior to this time the organization was known as Le Cercle Francais which it had been since 1918. Through subsequent years the organization raised its standards until at present they are on a level with any department club on the campus. It is one of Lindenwood's most prominent and active organizations.

The members are some of the

most representative girls. They are represented in every organization and activity on the campus,—Alpha Mu Mu, Alpha Psi Omega, Latin Club, Spanish Club, International Relations Club, League of Women's Voters and Alpha Sigma Tau.

Beta Pi Theta has sponsored activities on the campus, some of which have been very original in their nature. In the beginning of the year the chapter held a public pledging service in the auditorium. All the members and pledges wore white. The officers of the organization explained the meaning that lies in the fact that Beta Pi Theta is a National Honorary French Fraternity. Later in the year the fraternity sponsored a speaker at the eleven o'clock assembly, M. Andre Morize, head of the modern Language department at Middlebury Summer School, and a member of Harvard College faculty. Just recently, the Theta Xi chapter sponsored a play, "Le Malade Imaginaire," a three-act comedy by Moliere. It is a tradition that the club of French Department give a play every other year. The closing event of the year will be a banquet at the St. Charles Hotel, on April 11.

The requirements of Beta Pi Theta are high. To be a member one must be at least a member of the sophomore class, have an average of S in all French courses, have read a short story, a novel, and a play in French and reported on them in English, have learned 35 lines of French poetry, and written a theme (original) of five hundred words. After these requirements have been fulfilled one must maintain an average of S in French for another semester. The list of pledges is passed upon by Mrs. Roemer and then voted on by the club.

The officers of this organization are Lillie Bloomenstiel, president, Elizabeth Tracy, vice-president, Rosalind Sachs, secretary, Elizabeth Pinkerton, treasurer; and Catherine Orr, corresponding secretary. Last but by no means least is Miss Stone, head of the Modern Language Department. She is sponsor of the local chapter. For two years Miss Stone was a member of the board of the St. Louis College Club. She was also secretary of the recent scholarship benefit committee. Besides this Miss

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moved in the three long lines, many unusual and charming dresses were noted. Mrs. Roemer wore a lovely black evening dress of velvet with a cream colored garniture. She carried a corsage of pink roses which were presented to her by the Sophomore Class.

Dean Gipson wore flesh tinted crepe studded in rhinestone, and Miss Hankins the sponsor of the Sophomores, and the one who helped to make theirs the best event of the year, was lovely in peach satin.

Lucille Kelly, the President of the Class wore a peach colored chiffon trimmed with gold, and carried a lovely corsage of roses.

Flame chiffon accentuated the dark beauty of Betty Carstarphen and Verna Weiss. Clara Nathan in white taffeta and rose shoes, again proved the good taste of the Sophs in choosing her as an attendant.

Elvira Gluck was a will-o-the-wisp in her red ruffled taffeta which was revealed as she removed her long crimson evening coat. Her satin shoes were red also, with small velvet bows.

Dorothy May Schooler's blonde beauty was enhanced by soft yellow chiffon made with an overskirt of cobweb lace. Ruth Fuller, who has recently returned from Washington, wore a green taffeta with tight fitting bodice and petalled skirt.

Dorothea McCulloh, one of the new members of Beta Pi Theta, wore a peach satin heavily embroidered in rhinestone. Lucie Spence wore a dress with a green chiffon skirt and green metal-cloth top. Her costume was finished by a Spanish shawl which perfectly matched her dress.

Elizabeth Thomas wore a white taffeta which hung long on the side, flowers were draped gracefully over the skirt.

Marguerite Eckles wore a lovely, long taffeta dress. The skirt was made of pink shaded ruffles formed from petals. Also dressed in pink was Mary Elizabeth Baker who wore a pink tulle and ruffled dress.

Stone is Grand Librarian of the entire Beta Pi Theta fraternity.

Miss Stone backs Beta Pi Theta in all its activities. Through her efforts the chapter Theta Xi has



Another good motto for the student body might be suggested in this, that "all good things come in pairs," and that friends will be friends, and won't be what they're PARED out to be.

Is it true, Frankie, that it is more interesting and conducive to study in the atmosphere of an office than in the uproarious din of the college library? Why not have a private office established for just such entertaining purposes?

No, they're not particularly bashful or backward. You can see them anywhere, and every night in the Libe they're in full evidence. Come one, come all, and see what brown eyes can do, especially when they belong to such a character as our own Peg! Careful, Ruth-first experiences are usually heart-breaking.

Once upon a time, for all GOOD stories start that way, a West Point CADET was out riding in his china painted gas wagon. The CADET met a farmer as he rode along, and said "Do, you want a ride?". The FARMER said, "YES".

ORGAN RECITAL IN CHAPEL

On Monday, March 4, at 4:45, Sibley Chapel was filled with the opening chords of a "Prelude and Fugue in D minor", played by Lucile Gabel. Eight other students of Miss Louise Titcomb took part in this Organ Recital which was enjoyed by the organ class alone. The other numbers of the program were; Prayer in F, played by Clara Bowles; Pastorale in G by Jane Davies; "Adantino" (Evening Bells) by Ruth Thompson; The Infant Jesus" by Hardy Albright; "The Pygmies" by Hortense Wolfort; "Chant Pastorale" by Gwendolyn Levers; "In Summer" by Letha Bailey; and lastly "Epilogue" by Dorothy Helen Johnson.

FENCING POPULARITY

Although Lindenwood has no Babe Ruths, Helen Wills or Walter Hagens it has real sportswomen and just as enthusiastic fans as one can find anywhere. Every season of the school year is distinctive for its own particular outburst of athletic activity. During the winter months Basketball has heretofore reigned supreme and will again this year hold its old place of interest and class rivalry during the class tournament, which is to be staged soon. But another sport only lately introduced at Lindenwood demands that it have equal recognition along with Basketball. While the Basketeers have been developing fast teams of great skill, another group has been working just as industriously in mastering the art of fencing. This should attract attention not because of its newness but for its own good qualities. Fencing requires, and therefore develops, poise, quick thinking, keenness of eye, grace, and agility. Therefore, a fencing bout is a source of enjoyment even to those most ignorant of its rudiments.

So those who have seen a fencing bout are naturally anxious to see another and those who have not will not have to wait much longer before they can see one right here on the campus. The dormitories have proved to the school which houses the best fencers.

FINE ARTS STUDENTS IN VARIED PROGRAM

An unusually charming recital was presented by students in the School of Arts at the 11 o'clock assembly on Thursday, March 21, in Roemer auditorium. Pauline Edwards opened the program with the gay, melodious *Mazurke* by Leschertizky. Emily Edwards played two widely different selections, *Negro Elegy* by John Powell and *The Blue-Robed Mandarin* by Eastwood Lan. Each of these pieces seemed to catch the elusive spirit of the people about whom they were written.

Evelyn Pierpoint played the only violin numbers on the program. These were *Fairies Sailing* by Burleigh and *Slavonic Fantasia* by the immortal Kreisler. Her accompanist was Martha Mae Baugh.

Lillian Smith sang two light,

charming songs, *The Blackbird's Song* by Scott and *The Lass With the Delicate Air* by Arne.

Marjorie Smith sang *Che Fiero Costume* by Legrenzi, and *Bijou Song* from the famous opera *Faust* by Gounod. The program closed with piano numbers. Letha Bailey played *Alceste* (*Caprice on Ballet Airs*) by Gluck *Saint-Saens* and Dorothy Johnson played the *Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 8* by Liszt.

SUCCESSOR TO DUSTY ANSWER SEEKS WOOD'S TRAIL

And a hunting or a fishing they did go—or something like it. Dr. Gregg and Miss Lear went in Dr. Gregg's chariot, to the wilds of Arcadia, Missouri. Here they dwelt and lived the life of the woods where men are men and are free to do as they please. They camped out in the great open spaces and were not worried by modern conveniences such as telephones, and the like. Three cheers for the outdoor life and the thrills that it holds!

LIBRARY GIVEN NEW BOOKS BY ART CLUB MEMBERS

Lindenwood's art club with Miss Alice Linneman, head of the art department, as sponsor, and Mary La Plue president recently presented the college with several books on art, for the purpose of extending the library collection of art books and furthering the study of that subject.

The books which are now in the library are *Painter's Palette* by D. W. Ross, *Flush of the Dawn* by H. T. Bailey, *Education Through Pictures* by R. B. Farnum, *Business of Teaching and Supervising the Arts* by C. V. Kirby, and *Applied Drawing* by H. H. Brown.

Well. Picture of three girls rushing the season! 'Smatter, Peg, Tid, and Betty? Couldn't you wait until vacation to get in your lures and wiles? We should be proud of them, for they really did quite well. All in the last week-end too! Betty Palmer returns from St. Louis with an S A E pin; Tid Thomas proudly steps out with another S A E token; and Peg Fagg nonchalantly dons a Pi K A pin! Stick to it, friends—2nd power to you!